THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, June 29, 1801.

State of the Engliſh Navy in the Sixteenth Century.

[From Pennant's Journey from London to the Iſle of Wight.]

TILL the reign of Henry VII. the naval force of England was either hired from the merchant, foreign or native, or ſupplied by the Cinque and other ports of the kingdom; but the navy was under no ſort of regulation: the bargain was made with the firſt, or the demand made from the laſt, according to their different aſſeſſments. Some of the veſſels were of vaſt ſize; ſuch was the Chriſtopher, one of thoſe engaged in the celebrated victory off Sluys, gained over the French in 1340; but we know nothing concerning either the building or the ſhipwrights. The ſails of the royal ſhips were moſt ſplendid; thoſe of the veſſel which carried Richard II. were of white ſilk, richly embroidered with a golden ſun. In this ſplendid reign there was an emulation between France and England, which ſhould excel in this ſpecies of folly.—"Every man," ſays old Graſton, "helped to make proviſion for other, and to garniſhe and bewtifie their ſhippes, and to paynt them with their armes, and to advance and make them a glorious ſhewe to the whole worlde. Painters, at that time, were well ſet on worke, and the time was to them very profitable; for they had whatſoever they deſyred, and yet there could not enow of them be gotten for money. They made banners, penons, ſtandards of ſilk, ſo ſumptuous and comely that it was a maruelle to beholde.

"Alſo they peynted the maſtes of their ſhippes from the one ende to the other, glittering with golde, and deuiſes and armes that was maruelous ryche; and eſpecially (ſayth Froiſſart) as it was tolde me, that Lorde Guy of Tremoy II. ſo decked, garniſhed and bewtified his ſhip with peynting and colours that it coſt him two thouſande frankes of French money, that is

more than CCXXIJ pound of the current money of Englande. And in lyke manner did every Lorde of Fraunce ſet foorth his deuiſe and ſhew."

It is from ſuch imagery that Mr. Gray formed his beautiful deſcription of that unhappy Monarch, proſperous in the beginning, and moſt dreadful in its concluſion:

" Fair laughs the morn, and ſoft the zephyr blows,
" While proudly riding o'er the azure realm,
" In gallant trim the gilded veſſel goes,
" Youth on the prow, and pleaſure at the helm;
" Regardleſs of the ſweeping whirlwind's ſway,
" That, huſh'd in grim repoſe, expects his evening prey."

Henry VII. was the firſt of our Monarchs who may beſuppoſed to have formed a royal dock. He is was who improved the fortifications of Portſmouth, after they had been begun by Edward IV. and continued by Richard III. This makes it probable that he here built the famous ſhip the Great Harry, which, ſays Stow, coſt 14,000l. the ſame ſum which he had expended on his beautiful chapel in Weſtminſter Abbey. The ſhip was built about the year 1503, and was burnt by accident at Woolwich, in Auguſt, 1553.

His ſon, Henry VIII. may be called the founder of the Engliſh navy: he began with building the great ſhips the Regent and the Sovereign. The firſt was loſt in an engagement off Breſt, in 1512: that gallant gentleman, Sir Thomas Knevet, grappled with the Cordelier, in which the French Admiral had hoiſted his flag; both took fire, and blew up with their Commanders and ſixteen hundred brave ſeamen: both fleets retired inſtantly, terrified by the dreadful ſcene, without offering to continue the engagement. Henry, to repair the loſs, built the Great Henry Grace de Dieu, of far greater bulk than the Regent. This ſhip is twice exhibited to us in painting. The firſt is in a great picture I had an opportunity of ſeeing in one of the lower apartments in Windſor Caſtle. It repreſents the King ſetting ſail from Dover for Calais, for the celebrated interview between him and Francis I. between Guines and Ardres, in 1520, called Le Champ de Drap d'Or. Henry had caught the vain magnificence of Richard II. the ſails and pendants of his ſhip were of cloth of gold, damaſked; all his ſuite of ſhip and men were equally ſplendid, for the chief nobility of the realm attended. The land ſcenery is alſo repreſented, of Dover, and the harbour; its forts, Arch-cliff, and the Black Bulwark; and, finally, the diſtant view of France, and the city of Calais. The ſecond is one of the celebrated pictures at Cowdray. [While I write, I am ſhocked with the news, that the houſe itſelf, and the whole of that invaluable collection is now no more, having, on September 24, 1793, been conſumed by fire.] In the firſt picture,

picture, as Mr. Walpole obſerves, his ſhips were as ſumptuous as Cleopatra's galley on the Cydnus. In this they were, as the time required, fitted with all the neceſſaries of war. His great friends, Francis and Henry, had forgot their warm embraces on Le Champ de Drap d'Or. They quarrelled and went to war: Francis ſent a vaſt fleet under D'Annabaut, Admiral of France, who came off Bembridge Point in the Iſle of Wight, and from thence ſtretched along the ſhore to St. Helen's, on July 18, 1544. The Engliſh fleet, under Viſcount Liſle, in the Great Harry, anchored off Spithead, to cover the entrance into Portſmouth; not only to defend it, but, if poſſible, to engage the French to embarraſs themſelves by following him into the narrow paths amid the ſand-banks. The French gallies often came to inſult our great ſhips to provoke them to come out, but to no purpoſe. A cannonade was continued on both ſides during two days; and the French pretend that they ſunk the Mary Roſe, a ſhip ſecond in ſize to the Henry Grace de Dieu: certain it is that ſhe was ſunk, and her Commander Sir George Carew and near ſix hundred men were drowned. But this accident was owing to ſome awkward manœuvre. She was overladen with guns, ſome were unbreeched, and her port-holes left open; ſo, by an unfortunate heeling, ſhe filled with water, and went to the bottom. The French, finding they could make no impreſſion on our ſhips, after plundering the Iſle of Wight, retired to their own coaſts. Henry, on the firſt noiſe of the invaſion, came in perſon, and appears in the piece on horſeback, and behind him his great favourite and Lieutenant the Duke of Suffolk, and Sir Anthony Brown, Maſter of the Horſe. They are riding out of Portſmouth, and entering Southſea Caſtle (a fortreſs of Henry's raiſing), in their way to the camp, which lay beyond.

The great ſhips of war had four maſts: they had port-holes for the cannon, which is ſaid to have been at this time a novelty; for, before, the few they had lay upon the deck, on the prow, or on the poop.

SPANISH HOSPITALITY.

(Concluded from Page 485.)

THE ſecond day after we left the houſe of the ſmuggler we arrived at Merida: it is a difficult matter to travel above ſix and thirty or forty miles a day in this country. Merida, formerly a Roman colony of great opulence (as many fragments of triumphal arches, and other pieces of exquiſite architecture, indicate), is now the reſidence of idleneſs, poverty, and filth.

We ſhould not have ſtaid any longer than was abſolutely neceſſary in this wretched town, if I had not had a letter from the

commandant of Elvas to an Iriſh officer in the Spaniſh ſervice, who, having married a lady of ſome fortune, in the neighbourhood of Merida, found it expedient to reſide there at that time.

After the civilities we had received from the commandant, we thought it proper that we ſhould wait on his correſpondent, and deliver the letter into his own hands.

We found him a lively intelligent man: he immediately invited us to ſleep at his houſe. On my hinting our determination to proceed on our journey the next morning,—"I do not expect, gentlemen," ſaid he, "that any thing I can offer will prevail on you to make a long abode in ſuch a place as this; but I ſhall be mortified, indeed, if you will not do me the pleaſure of giving my houſe the preference to the inn, while you do ſtay."

He afterwards perſuaded us to agree to remain all the following day, part of which we employed in viewing the Roman antiquities; and found our new acquaintance not only to be a hoſpitable landlord, but alſo an inſtructive Cicerone. The fortune neceſſary for acting the firſt of theſe characters is not more rare, in this decayed town, than the knowledge requiſite for the ſecond

After we had viewed what was thought moſt worthy of inſpection, as we walked by the ſide of the river which ſeparates part of the ſuburbs from the town, obſerving that the river was choaked up at both banks, ſo as to confine the current within a few yards at the centre, I ſaid, "May not many remains of Roman ſculpture, and fragments of architecture, lie buried beneath the rubbiſh on each ſide of this river?"

"It is highly probable," replied the officer, "and a countryman of mine, a Roman-catholic clergyman, was ſo much of that opinion, that, as he paſſed this way, on his return to London from Madrid, ſome years ago, after as accurate an examination as he could conveniently make, he wrote to the miniſter of Spain, recommending it ſtrongly that his excellency ſhould take meaſures for having the rubbiſh cleared away, as there were many reaſons for believing that the labour would be well repaid by the antiquities which would be dug up. The miniſter accordingly ordered an engineer to Merida for that very purpoſe. But no ſooner was his deſign known, than certain monks began to murmur againſt it: they ſaid, "it was paying that reſpect to fragments of Pagan temples and ſtatues which was due to the relics of Chriſtian ſaints only: that ſome men, particularly the whole childiſh race of virtuoſos, were ſo depraved, as to admire ſpecimens of ancient ſculpture more than any portion of the real bones of a martyr: that if this ſcheme was adopted, who could anſwer that ſome heathen deity would not be dug up, of more exquiſite workmanſhip than any of thoſe which excited ſo much profane adoration already; that by the piety, as well as the wiſdom of their anceſtors, thoſe idols were buried under ground, where, experience

rience had now proved, they did no harm; but there was no knowing what mischief they might do if they were raised again: that mention was made in the Bible of no resurrection but that of the quick and dead; that statues were neither the one nor the other, and therefore not entitled to the same privilege: that it was safest, and most prudent, to leave things as they are; because change or innovation, on the pretext of reformation, was often productive of irreparable evil, as the church had already experienced."

These considerations greatly alarmed the good citizens of Merida, and seemed so rational to the King's Confessor, a Franciscan friar, that he prevailed on his Majesty to recall the engineer, and the river was allowed to remain choaked, as you see it, to the great consolation of the inhabitants.

We had an opportunity of observing another instance of the piety of these people, as we returned from the river.

It was a holyday: the whole town seemed in motion. At the corner of almost every street there was a group of both sexes, dancing to the music of a guitar.

I have observed, indeed, that at all times, and in every town and village of Spain, through which I have passed, people of all ages and conditions assemble round the musician, at the first sound of this instrument.

The agility of some of the male dancers seemed surprising because they were often mere clowns, whose dress was ill adapted to that exercise: but what was more attractive was the wonderful flexibility of movement, as well as intelligence of look, with which many of the women humoured the music.

In the streets of Merida we particularly remarked one group of both sexes, who were performing the fandango, and other dances, with more energy than the rest, and with a degree of vivacity and a wantonness of gesture that seemed more suitable to Bacchantes, or the worshippers of the heathen god of the gardens, than to Christians. In the midst of these exertions, however, the great bell of the principal church tolled: it was the Ave-Maria, or angelus hour; and in an instant all the dancers were on their knees. Those eyes, which the moment before flashed wantonness, were devoutly fixed on the ground; and, instead of the guitar, nothing was heard but an universal mutter of prayer.

"You see, gentlemen," said the officer, "that the enthusiasm of mirth is not at such a distance from devotion in this warm climate, as it is supposed to be in your cold island, particularly by the inhabitants of the coldest part of it."

"I have a great notion, however," said I, "that those people were more earnest in the first than in the second."

"I believe them to be in earnest in both," rejoined the officer.

"I dare

" I dare ſwear," ſaid Travers, " they prefer the muſic of the guitar to that of the bell; but they believe, that if they omitted their prayers at the ſound of the bell, they would be ſtruck with ſome diſeaſe, which would put it out of their power to dance to the ſound of the guitar."

" There is no knowing people's motives," replied this candid Iriſhman; " ſecret hopes and wiſhes, which we would not like to be known, are apt to intermingle with the devotion of the beſt of us.

" But the ſudden tranſition which you have juſt beheld has, I am perſuaded, taken place at the ſame hour all over Spain. I myſelf have ſeen the actors, on the ſame occaſion, ſtop the performance, and kneel on the ſtage: the ſame occurs at Court. Whoever is preſent at the ſound of the Ave-Maria bell, kneels immediately, the King himſelf giving the example."

" The Spaniſh Monarchs have long been diſtinguiſhed for picty," ſaid I.

" The Spaniſh nation has long been diſtinguiſhed for religious zeal," replied the officer. " Whatever difference of character there may be in the inhabitants of the different provinces in other reſpects, they reſemble each other in the article of devotion. You have obſerved, no doubt, that they kneel in the middle of the ſtreet, in all weathers, when the hoſt paſſes. The late King, Charles the Third; never met it without coming out of his carriage, and putting the prieſt into it, he himſelf following on foot, with all his attendants, to the houſe of the ſick perſon to whom it was carrying. He at the ſame time ſent orders for his own phyſician to attend the ſick perſon, from that time till his recovery or death. This accounts for what might otherwiſe ſurpriſe you, gentlemen, namely, that the courtiers in Spain have not only a greater ſhow of devotion than the nobility in other countries, but even more than the lower ranks of their own country."

ACCOUNT *of the* HOTTENTOTS.

[From Barrow's Travels into the Interior of Southern Africa.]

TWENTY years ago, if we may credit the travellers of that day, the country beyond Camtoes river, which was then the eaſtern limit of the colony, abounded with kraals or villages of Hottentots, out of which the inhabitants came to meet them by hundreds in a group. Some of theſe villages might ſtill have been expected to remain in this remote and not very populous part of the colony. Not one, however, was to be found. There is not in the whole extenſive diſtrict of Graaf Reynet, a ſingle horde of independent Hottentots; and perhaps not a ſcore of individuals who are not actually in the ſervice of the Dutch.

Theſe weak people, the moſt helpleſs, and, in their preſent condition, perhaps the moſt wretched of the human race, duped out of their poſſeſſions, their country, and finally out of their liberty, have entailed upon their miſerable offſpring a ſtate of exiſtence to which that of ſlavery might bear the compariſon of happineſs. It is a condition, however, not likely to continue to a very remote poſterity. The name of Hottentot will be forgotten, or remembered only as that of a deceaſed perſon of little note. Their numbers of late years have rapidly declined. It has generally been obſerved that wherever Europeans have colonized, the leſs civilized natives have always dwindled away, and at length totally diſappeared. Various cauſes have contributed to the depopulation of the Hottentots. The impolitic cuſtom of hording together in families, and of not marrying out of their own kraals, has no doubt tended to enervate this race of men, and reduced them to their preſent degenerate condition, which is that of a languid, liſtleſs, phlegmatic people, in whom the prolific powers of nature ſeem to be almoſt exhauſted. To this may be added their extreme poverty, ſcantineſs of food, and continual dejection of mind, ariſing from the cruel treatment they receive from an inhuman and unfeeling peaſantry, who having diſcovered themſelves to be removed to too great a diſtance from the ſeat of their former government to be awed by its authority, have exerciſed, in the moſt wanton and barbarous manner, an abſolute power over theſe poor wretches, reduced to the neceſſity of depending upon them for a morſel of bread. There is ſcarcely an inſtance of cruelty ſaid to have been committed againſt the ſlaves in the Weſt India iſlands, that could not find a parallel from the Dutch farmers of the remote parts of the colony towards the Hottentots in their ſervice. Beating and cutting them with thongs of the hide of the ſea-cow, or rhinoceros, is a gentle puniſhment, though theſe ſort of whips, which they call *ſhambos*, are moſt horrid inſtruments, tough, pliant, and heavy almoſt as lead. Firing ſmall ſhot into the legs and thighs of a Hottentot, is a puniſhment not unknown to ſome of the monſters who inhabit the neighbourhood of Camtoos river. Inſtant death is not unfrequently the conſequence of puniſhing theſe poor wretches in a moment of rage. This is of little conſequence to the farmer; for though they are to all intents and purpoſes his ſlaves, yet they are not transferable property. It is this circumſtance which, in his mind, makes their lives leſs valuable, and their treatment more inhuman.

In offences of too ſmall moment to ſtir up the phlegm of a Dutch peaſant, the coolneſs and tranquillity diſplayed at the puniſhment of his ſlave or Hottentot, is highly ridiculous, and at the ſame time indicative of a ſavage diſpoſition to unfeeling cruelty lurking in his heart. He flogs them, not by any given number of laſhes, but by time; and as they have no clocks,

nor

nor ſubſtitutes for them, capable of marking the ſmaller diviſions of time, he has invented an excuſe for the indulgence of one of his moſt favourite ſenſualities, by flogging them till he has ſmoked as many pipes of tobacco as he may judge the magnitude of the crime to deſerve. The government of Malacca, according to the manuſcript journal of an intelligent officer in the expedition againſt that ſettlement, has adopted the ſame cuſtom of *flogging by pipes*; and the fiſcal, or chief magiſtrate, or ſome of his deputies, are the ſmokers on ſuch occaſions.

By a reſolution of the old government, as unjuſt as it was inhuman, a peaſant was allowed to claim, as his property, till the age of five-and-twenty, all the children of the Hottentots in his ſervice to whom he had given in their infancy a morſel of meat. At the expiration of this period, the odds are ten to one that the ſlave is not emancipated. A Hottentot knows nothing of his age; "he takes no note of time." And though the ſpirit that dictated this humane law expanded its beneficence in favour of the Hottentot, by directing the farmer to regiſter the birth of ſuch children as he may intend to make his ſlaves, yet it ſeldom happens, removed as many of them are to the diſtance of ten or twelve days journey from the Droſdy, that the Hottentot has an opportunity of inquiring when his ſervitude will expire; and indeed it is a chance if he thinks upon or even knows the exiſtence of ſuch a reſource. Should he be fortunate enough to eſcape at the end of the period, the beſt part of his life has been ſpent in a profitleſs ſervitude, and he is turned adrift in the decline of life (for a Hottentot begins to grow old at thirty), without any earthly thing he can call his own, except the ſheep's ſkin upon his back.

The condition of thoſe who engage themſelves from year to year is little better than that of the others. If they have already families, they erect for them little ſtraw huts near the farm-houſe. Their children are encouraged to run about the houſe of the peaſant where they receive their morſel of food. This is deemed ſufficient to eſtabliſh their claim to the young Hottentots; and ſhould their parents at the end of the term for which they engaged, expreſs a deſire to quit the ſervice, the farmer will ſuffer them to go, perhaps turn them away, and detain their children.

Thoſe who are unmarried and free are ſomewhat better in their ſituation than the others, though not much. The pitiful wages they agree for are ſtopped upon every frivolous occaſion. If an ox or a ſheep be miſſing, the Hottentot muſt replace them; nor would he be ſuffered to quit his ſervice till he had earned the value of them. An ox, or a couple of cows, or a dozen ſheep, worth forty or fifty ſhillings, are the uſual wages of a whole

year; and it frequently happens that a bill for tobacco and brandy is brought againſt them to the full amount.

Philanthropy, exhibited in the Abbe Del' Epee's Narrative.

[From Kotzebue's Deaf and Dumb; or, The Orphan. Tranſlated by Benjamin Thompſon, Eſq.]

ABBE. It is about eight years ſince an officer of the police brought me a boy who was deaf and dumb. He had been found on the Pont Neuf, appeared to be about nine or ten years of age, and was of an engaging appearance. The coarſe tatters with which he was clothed, made me at firſt ſuppoſe he belonged to poor people, and I promiſed to take care of him.—The next morning, when I examined him more minutely, I obſerved a certain dignity in his looks. He ſeemed aſtoniſhed to find himſelf in rags, and I ſuſpected that it was not without ſome intention he had been thus clothed and expoſed. I immediately publiſhed the circumſtance, and accurately deſcribed his perſon in the newſpapers, but without effect. It is not uſual with mankind to be too eager in acknowledging thoſe who are unfortunate.

As I perceived that all inveſtigation was in vain, and as I was convinced that this child was the victim of ſome ſecret intrigue, I now merely endeavoured to obtain information from himſelf. I called him Theodore, and received him among my pupils. He ſoon diſtinguiſhed himſelf, and ſo entirely juſtified my hopes, that after the expiration of three years, his mind expanded, and he was (if I may uſe the expreſſion) a ſecond time created, I converſed with him by ſigns, which in rapidity almoſt equalled thoughts.

One day, as we drove paſt a court of juſtice in Paris, he ſaw a magiſtrate ſtep from his carriage, and was unuſually agitated. I aſked the reaſon, and he gave me to underſtand that a man like this, clothed in purple and ermine, had often embraced him and ſhed tears over him. From this I concluded that he muſt be the ſon or near relation of ſome magiſtrate, who, from his robes, could only belong to a ſuperior court of juſtice; conſequently that my pupil's native place was probably a town of conſiderable ſize.——Another time, as we were walking together, we met the funeral of a nobleman. I immediately perceived the former agitation in Theodore, which increaſed as the proceſſion came nearer. At length the hearſe paſſed us—he trembled, and fell upon my neck. I queſtioned him, and he replied by ſigns, that a ſhort time before he was conveyed to Paris, he had followed the hearſe, in which was the man who had ſo often careſſed him. From this I concluded he was an orphan, and the heir to a large

of which his relations had been induced to deprive him by his helpleſs ſituation. Theſe important diſcoveries doubled my zeal and reſolution. Theodore became daily more intereſting to me, and I began to cheriſh hopes of regaining his property for him. But how to begin my ſearch? He had never heard his father's name; he knew not where he had received exiſtence.—I aſked him whether he remembered when he was firſt brought to Paris.—He anſwered in the affirmative, and aſſured me he ſhould know the gates through which he entered. The very next morning we went forth to examine them, and when we approached thoſe which are called del'Enfer, he made a ſign that he recognized them; that the carriage was there examined, and that his two conductors, whoſe features ſtill were preſent to his mind, alighted with him there.—Theſe new diſcoveries proved that he came from the ſouth of France. He added that he was ſeveral days on the road, and that the horſes were changed almoſt every hour. After making calculations from his ſeveral ſtatements, I concluded that his native place was one of the principal towns in the ſouth of France.

After numberleſs unavailing enquiries by letter, I at laſt reſolved to make a tour through the ſouthern towns with Theodore. The various circumſtances, which he ſo minutely collected, made me hope that he would eaſily recognize the place of his nativity. The undertaking was certainly difficult, for I thought all expectations of ſucceſs were idle, unleſs our journey was performed on foot. I am old, but Heaven was pleaſed to grant me ſtrength. In ſpite of age and infirmity I left Paris above two months ago. I paſſed through the gates del' Enfer, which Theodore again recognized. When we had left Paris, a little way behind us, we embraced each other, prayed that Heaven would guide our ſteps, and purſued our way with confidence. We have viſited almoſt every place of magnitude, and now my ſtrength was beginning to fail—my conſolatory hopes were nearly exhauſted, when this morning we arrived before the gates of Toulouſe.

We entered the town—Theodore inſtantly ſeized my hand, and made a ſign that he knew it. We proceeded. At every ſtep his appearance became more animated, and tears fell from his eyes. We arrived at the market-place, when he ſuddenly threw himſelf on the earth, and raiſed his hands towards Heaven—then ſprung up, and informed me he had now found the place of his birth. Like him intoxicated with delight, I forgot all the fatigues of my journey. We wandered to other parts of the town, and at length reached this ſquare. He eſpied the palace. Exactly oppoſite to your houſe, uttered a loud ſhriek, threw himſelf breathleſs into my arms, and pointed out the habitation of his father.—I made enquiries, and learnt that this palace formerly belonged to the family of Count Solar, the laſt branch of which is my pupil,—that all his property is in the poſſeſſion

poſſeſſion of a Mr. Darlemont, the guardian and maternal uncle of the young Count, by a falſe declaration of whoſe death, he became poſſeſſed of it.—I immediatety tried to diſcover who was the moſt eminent advocate in Toulouſe, that I might entruſt him with this important buſineſs. You were mentioned to me, Sir, and I am come to place in your hands what is deareſt to me in the world—the fate of Theodore. Heaven ſent him to me that I might educate him. Receive him from my hands, and let your exertions reſtore to him the rank and fortune, to which he is entitled by the laws of nature and of France.

To tell you how much it has coſt me is impoſſible—but the exalted idea of being as it were, a new creator, inſpired me with ſtrength and reſolution. If the peaſant feels delight when he beholds the abundant harveſt which rewards his induſtry; judge what muſt be my ſenſations, when I ſtand in the midſt of my pupils, and ſee how the unfortunate beings emerge by degrees from darkneſs—how they become animated by the firſt beam of heavenly light—how they, ſtep by ſtep, diſcover their powers, impart their ideas to each other, and form around me an intereſting family, of which I am the happy father.—Yes, there are many more brilliant delights—many more eaſily attained—but I doubt whether in univerſal nature there is one more real.

Some Account of Don Joſeph De Mendoza y Rios, a Captain in the Spaniſh Navy.

IT is become common-place to treat the literature of Spain with contempt, becauſe it has not thoſe countleſs journals with which the literature of other ſtates in Europe is ſo unnaturally inflated. Yet, in Spain, there is many a grain of wheat, ſavoury, wholeſome, and nutritive, that grows unnoticed and unknown. Neither do the Spaniards ſo frequently leave their country as the natives of many other nations: but, when met with abroad, they are uſually diſtinguiſhed, from the herd of travellers, by their knowledge, and ſpirit of obſervation.

This is particularly the caſe with Don Joſeph de Mendoza y Rios, who is now (December, 1798) in London; where he is highly eſteemed, not only by the Royal Society, but by many of the moſt reſpectable, learned, and enlightened people of England. His portrait is engraved at the head of a grand map of the South Seas, which alſo is dedicated to him by the celebrated Engliſh geographer, A. Arrowſmith.

The account we have to give of this learned ſeaman will be brief; but we can warrant the authenticity of the facts. He is now thirty-five years old; and was ſent early from Seville, his native place, to Madrid, where he was ſoon diſtinguiſhed from his ſchool-fellows, by his love of the mathematics. His progreſs

in this favourite ſtudy was ſo quick, that he was willingly received into the royal ſervice. In 1778, he made a journey to the Phillippine Iſlands. Young, ardent, and eager after knowledge as he was, this expedition could not but enlarge his capacity. The admirable manœuvres of the mariner's art, and the fine opportunity he had to view the ſtarry heavens in that ſouthern hemiſphere, which is to us concealed, confirmed his love of navigation and aſtronomy.

After his return, in 1782, he was employed on board the floating batteries ſent againſt Gibraltar. To hear Don Mendoza himſelf ſpeak of this unfortunate, but ever-memorable event, is highly intereſting. It can never by him be forgotten, ſince he there received a wound in the neck, which obliged him to forſake the ſea, and attend to the recovery of his health. He now devoted his leiſure entirely to the mathematics and aſtronomy: yet the brave and meritorious mariner was not deprived of his right to promotion in the royal navy.

Notwithſtanding his youth, to the aſtoniſhment of his country, he publiſhed a treatiſe on navigation, in two volumes, quarto, Madrid, 1787, the title of which is "Tratado de Navegacion; por Don Joſef de Mendoza y Rios, Teniente de Navio de la Real Armada. De Orden Superior. Madrid, en la Imprenta Real." 1000 pages, and 20 plates.

This work, both at home and abroad, was univerſally received as claſſical, in its kind. Roding, in his Algemeine Worterbuche der Marin, f. 186, gives it the following character: "It is the beſt and moſt complete work that has appeared in Europe on the art of ſeamanſhip. It is not only commendable for its accurate reaſoning, but likewiſe becauſe it contains the neweſt diſcoveries in navigation. The uncommon acquaintance of the author with ancient and modern writers, the juſtneſs of his remarks on them, and his ſuperior knowledge of the higher mathematics, will ſecure him the moſt meritorious praiſe."

It now five years ſince his complete tables of navigation appeared at Madrid, which have been greatly uſeful to his nation. In 1796, the Bureau des Longitudes, at Paris, cauſed a memoire by him to be printed in the Conn. des Temps pour L'Anee V. on the calculation of the moon's diſtances; on which occaſion this Bureau, which conſiſts of the firſt mathematicians, aſtronomers, and navigators of France, thus expreſſed his ſentiments: "Le Bureau des Longitudes a cru devoir publier ce memoire d'un habile navigateur, d'ont il y a deja des ouvrages eſtimees, et qui en prepare des plus conſiderables."

In the Philoſophical Tranſactions of the Royal Society, at London, 1797, an excellent eſſay appeared by him, entitled, "Recherches ſur les Solutions des principaux Problemes de L'Aſtronomie Nautique." He is now cauſing to be printed, at London, a complete Collection of Nautical Tables; with an

Engliſh

Engliſh Commentary. They are nearly completed; and will far exceed the Engliſh tables of 1781. Various new and neceſſary tables will appear in this collection, which would in vain be ſought for in other works.

At the command and expence of the Spaniſh Court, he has made an extenſive yet ſelect collection of ſea-voyages, maps, and charts; which will ſerve as a library for any inſtitution to give youth a complete knowledge of the art of navigation.

He has arduouſly employed himſelf on the improvement of light houſes; that on the tower of St. Sebaſtian, at Cadiz, conſtructed with reverberators, was formed according to his plan. Another, with reverberators and convex glaſſes, is now preparing on the Hercules Tower at Corunna, and will ſoon be finiſhed.

Mendoza poſſeſſes the acuteneſs and rectitude that characteriſe his nation. Notwithſtanding the dry ſtudies on which his mind is continually bent, he is a cheerful and pleaſant companion. He ſpeaks and writes French and Engliſh like a native, is well acquainted with the Italian, and is at preſent ſo intent on German literature, that he dedicates his leiſure to the acquirement of that language.

On the ADVANTAGES *of* PIETY.

ALL men are profeſſedly engaged in the purſuit of happineſs; to this their attention is turned; on the attainment of this their hopes are fixed. Whatever they think will conduce to this, they indiſcriminately adopt; and, as riches are conſidered by the generality of men as their *ſummum bonum*, to the acquirement of them men direct their chief attention. That the acquirement of riches, with ſome few exceptions, is laborious, I believe is an evident propoſition, that it is uncertain, is equally true; they, frequently take to themſelves wings with which they flee away; and that the poſſeſſion of them does not conſtantly yield ſolid happineſs the cry of the multitude, "Who will ſhow us any good," ſufficiently evinces. After much labour, vexation, and diſappointments, they form, perhaps, this concluſion, that happineſs belongs not to earth. But Dr. Young would have checked their exclamation, he would have told them, what many a divine who never tried for wealth knows from experience, that (although happineſs is not confined to earth), ſhe may be man's poſſeſſion here below. Piety has the promiſe of the life which now is, as well as that which is to come. Piety ſublimes our affections; ſoothes our paſſions; excites the action of our nobleſt principles; allays our fears; calms our doubts; invigorates our hopes; ſupports our ſpirits; eaſes our afflictions; benumbs our pains; ſupplies our loſſes; leſſens our griefs; renders wholeſome our ſickneſs, and welcome

our

our death. If this be the caſe, we may, without heſitation, pronounce it our happineſs; and that it is the caſe, the teſtimony of good men, in all ages, ſufficiently proves.

But why ſhould we ſtop here? Piety goes much farther. It not merely makes death welcome, but puts into our hands a title to eternal glory beyond the grave! It aſſures us, that although the world will ſhortly be to us of no value, there is a world in which we ſhall have from every foe a ſubſtantial refuge: that, although we muſt ſhortly bid adieu to our friends, and mingle with the ſilent duſt, we ſhall riſe from that duſt victorious, and again meet thoſe friends, never to be ſeparated: that although our exiſtence will ſoon apparently drop, we ſhall, after a momentary ſuſpenſion of our powers, reſuſcitate in diviner regions: that although, when death approaches, we may appear friendleſs and forſaken, we have a friend who has promiſed never to deſert us, and who can and will perform every tittle of his promiſes. This being the caſe, without enlarging farther, although an enlargement were both eaſy and pleaſant, I think I may call upon every one to aſſent to the following propoſition of Dr. Young—

A Deity believ'd is joy begun;
A Deity ador'd is joy advanc'd;
A Deity belov'd is joy matur'd.

J. T.

Hackney, March 3, 1801.

Circumſtances attendant on the Death of Robeſpierre.

Written by a Gentleman who was then in a French Priſon.

THE day at length arrived when Robeſpierre, having filled the meaſure of his iniquities, was, in ſome part, to pay the penalty of them. On this memorable morning, we could diſtinguiſh, from our priſon, the dreadful ſound of the Toſcin, the rattling of cannon through the ſtreets, the claſhing of arms, and the buz and confuſion of the diſtant multitude. Alarmed at theſe ſymptoms of general commotion, ſeeming to indicate ſome public event of importance, and to ourſelves, in particular, of the *greateſt* import, we endeavoured to learn from our jailors ſome particulars of what was paſſing; but on this head they would not venture to give us the ſmalleſt intelligence. In this ſtate of doubt and anxiety, we began to be apprehenſive that a ſimilar tragedy to that of September, 1792, was now to be repreſented for the ſecond time; and we were more than once on the point of calling a council among ourſelves, to conſider what would be the beſt means of defence againſt the mob, in caſe of

a general attack upon us. Three parts of the day thus paſſed on in fear and ſuſpence; towards the evening, however, the head jailor, ſeeing what turn public affairs had taken, came into the priſon, and informed us that Robeſpierre had been outlawed, arreſted, and was on the eve of being executed. Never, I may venture to aſſert, was ſeen ſo ſudden and rapid a tranſition from grief to joy; any one, to have beheld us at that moment, would have conſidered us as ſo many lunatics; nothing was to be ſeen but individuals running to and fro, ſhaking hands, embracing, congratulating each other, ſinging, and dancing about. Some of us, indeed, after the firſt tranſports of joy, felt many a bitter pang at the reflection, that if this event had taken place but a few weeks earlier, it would have preſerved the exiſtence of their neareſt and deareſt relatives. We ſhortly after received certain intelligence that Robeſpierre and his adherents had been executed. The account of his death has been ſo often related, that we ſhould ſpare ourſelves the trouble of repeating it, had we not ſeen, in a recent publication of Mercier, called Le Nouveau Paris, ſome circumſtances relative to it not before made public. It has been ſaid that on Robeſpierre's being firſt ſeized at the Hotel-de-ville, one of the gendarmes fired a piſtol at him, and broke his jaw-bone. Mercier, on the contrary, ſeems inclined to believe that he received this wound from his brother, who ſeeing that, Nero like, he had not reſolution enough to kill himſelf, endeavoured to render him that ſervice, in order to ſave him from falling into the hands of the aſſailants, and from the mortification of periſhing on the ſcaffold. The appearance that he made inthe cart, on his way to puniſhment, was dreadful; he lay along the ſeat of it, with his head bound up, covered with blood and dirt, clotted together, and ſcowling from under his half-cloſed eye-lids on the ſurrounding multitude; while one of the executioners, from time to time, obliged him to lift up his face, and the attendant guards ſingled it out, with the point of their ſabres, for the obſervation and curioſity of the mob.

When the cart came before the door of the hotel where he had formerly reſided, the people ordered it to ſtop, and a group of females ſuddenly threw themſelves into a figure-dance by the ſide of it. This being at an end, one of them advanced, and addreſſed him the following terms: "Monſter, thy puniſhment *intoxicates* me with joy! Deſcend to that Hell thou haſt merited, followed by the execrations of every mother of a family, throughout the territory of France."

The diſtance from this ſpot to the ſcaffold was but ſhort: when he arrived, and at the moment that he was lifted from the cart to it, the executioner, as if animated with the ſame ſpirit of hate and abhorrence that was felt anmong the people, haſtily tore the bandage from his face, and with it a part of the jaw.

Robeſpierre

Robeſpierre uttered a ſcream of anguiſh, and was immediately placed beneath the axe.

In conſequence of this event, our condition in the priſons was conſiderably ameliorated. We again had permiſſion, as in the firſt inſtances, to receive letters and ſupplies of every kind from our friends in Paris; and many of our companions were almoſt directly releaſed from confinement. Petitions from the priſoners now poured in ſo faſt upon the Committee of General Safety, that they were under the neceſſity of deputing ſome of their own number into the different houſes of detention, to examine the caſe of every individual, and to liberate thoſe whom they thought proper. Thus almoſt a general releaſe took place. The priſon-doors were daily crowded with ſpectators, who waited to embrace and congratulate thoſe who came out. It became an honorary diſtinction to have ſuffered incarceration during the deſpotiſm of Robeſpierre; while ſome even went ſo far as to ſay, that it was diſgraceful not to have been beheaded. This, however, is one of thoſe inſtances of the French taſte for the "*grand and ſublime*," that Sterne has noticed in his anecdote of the barber and wig.

REMARKS *on* RELIGION.

I Do not remember, my dear Cunningham, that you and I ever talked on the ſubject of religion, ſays Burns. I know ſome who laugh at it, as the trick of the crafty few to lead the undiſcerning many; or, at moſt, as an uncertain obſcurity, which mankind can never know any thing of, and with which they are fools if they give themſelves much to do. Nor would I quarrel with a man for his irreligion any more than I would for his want of a muſical ear. I would regret that he was ſhut out from what, to me and others, were ſuch ſuperlative ſources of enjoyment. It is, in this point of view, and for this reaſon, that I will deeply imbue the mind of every child of mine with religion. If my ſon ſhould happen to be a man of feeling, ſentiment, and taſte, I ſhall thus add largely to his enjoyments. Let me flatter myſelf that this ſweet little fellow, who is juſt now running about my deſk, will be a man of a melting, ardent, glowing heart, and an imagination delighted with the painter, and rapt with the poet. Let me figure him wandering out in a ſweet evening, to inhale the balmy gales and enjoy the growing luxuriance of the ſpring, himſelf the while in the blooming youth of life. He looks abroad on all nature, and through nature up to nature's God! His ſoul by ſwift delighting degrees is wrapt above this ſublunary ſphere, until he can be ſilent no longer, and burſt out into the glorious enthuſiaſm of Thomſon's noble hymn, beginning thus, "Theſe, as they change, &c.

NATIONAL DEBT.

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

ON looking at the amount of the national debt, as ſet down in Baldwin's Daily Journal of the preſent year, I was much aſtoniſhed at the immenſity of the ſum, and it led me to ſome calculations upon the ſubject. It appeared by common arithmetic, that if taken in Boulton's penny pieces, placed one upon the other, it would form a pillar more than 200,000 miles high. That if the ſame penny pieces were placed edge to edge, they would extend more than ninety times round the world, and in a ſtrait line would reach more than ten times from hence to the moon, This is truly curious; and in different forms of calculation, as to weight and extenſion, may afford ſubject of amuſement to ſome of your ingenious readers.

Your very humble ſervant,

A. Y.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

A Tribute of Reſpect to the Memory of the late Mrs. Robinſon, in the Form of a Monumental Inſcription.

ON the 26th of December, 1800, died,
The very celebrated and ingenious
MARY ROBINSON,
Author of a variety of works in the ſeveral walks of literature,
All poſſeſſed of much merit, and all well known.
They uniformly evince a vigorous and highly cultivated mind,
A correct and claſſical taſte,
United to great energy of language, and powers of imagination,
And a heart replete with ſenſibility,
And deſirous of promoting the beſt intereſts of humanity.

" Not friends alone ſuch obſequies deplore,
" They make mankind the mourner—carry ſighs
" Far as the fatal fame can wing its way."

Poole. J. E.

Anſwer, by J. B. Chivers, Teacher of Mathematics at St. Auſtell, to W. W.'s Queſtion, inſerted October 27.

IT is plain by Simpſon's Fluxions, that the ratio of the length is to the depth as 2 to 1, and alſo the breadth to the depth as 2 to 1: Therefore put x=depth, then will $2x$=the length=breadth, and $4x^2$=21504=the ſolidity, and x^3=53760, whoſe

cube root is 37.7 nearly; the depth of the ciſtern is 37 7-10th inches, length 75 1-2 inches, breadth 75 1-2 inches, very nearly. Hence the ſolidity of the lead is 854.2825 cubic inches, and the internal ſuperficies is 17085.65 inches, which numbers being applied to the queſtion will be found to anſwer.

Anſwer, by E. T. of Chard, to S. O'Smith's Charade, inſerted April 20.

THE town is HONITON you mean,
As in your charade's plainly ſeen.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from John Smith, Egbert Moon, John Squance, P. Gove, L. H. W. Harris, jun. and H. Humphreys, of Exeter; T. Webber, jun. and R. Sellick, of Tiverton; J. R. Toulmin; and D. H. of Briſtol.

Anſwer, by G. England, of Uplyme, to R. Thomas's Rebus, inſerted April 27.

HAIL UNION hail! ſweet ſource of human joy!
Be ſham'd thoſe fiends who thy lov'd band deſtroy;
Conſummate pleaſure to the gen'rous heart!
What elſe can ſuch unſullied bliſs impart!
O! claſp the world to thine unruffled breaſt,
And bid us all with peace and piety be bleſs'd.

*** We have received the like anſwer from J. Hill, L. H. Egbert Moon, J. Squance, and P. Gove, of Exeter; W. England, of Lyme; and R. Sellick, jun. of Tiverton.

A CHARADE, *by R. Thomas, of Bridgwater.*

SEE the tempeſt ſwelling high,
Hear the thunder rend the ſky!
Lo! the ſhip is void of form
Wreck'd to atoms by the ſtorm.
All thoſe woe-fraught ſcenes appear,
While my firſt to ſhore is near.
Turn your views to yonder vale,
Where oft blows the peaceful gale.
Languiſhing my next is ſeen,
While he treads the lovely green;
For the cruel nymph denies,
Nor will liſten to his cries:
Join theſe parts, my whole you'll find,
Perhaps a birth unto your mind.

POETRY.

ODE *for His* MAJESTY's BIRTH-DAY, *June* 4, 1801.

By HENRY JAMES PYE, *Eſq. Poet-Laureat.*

STILL, ſtill muſt war's diſcordant note,
Uſurp the muſe's votive lay,
Muſt the ſhrill clarion's brazen throat,
Proclaim our Monarch's natal day;
While the ſtern foe, with haughty brow,
Frowns on the olive's ſacred bough,
Throws from his land the proffer'd gift of peace,
Nor bids the raging ſtorm of deſolation ceaſe.

O Britain! not from abject fear,
Or pale miſtruſt, or weaken'd pow'r,
Springs in thy breaſt the vow ſincere,
Which wooes fair concord's lenient hour;
Uncheck'd by threats of vengeful foes,
Thy breaſt with warlike ardour glows;
Thy ſons, with unabated force,
Right onward keep their daring courſe.
The Chief, who from Canopus' ſultry ſhore
The burning meed of conqueſt bore,
Now thro' the Baltic's freezing ſurge,
Bids his bold prows their way reſiſtleſs urge;
And while Britannia's enſign flies,
Aloft in Hyperborean ſkies,
Denmark, aſtoniſh'd from her threaten'd tow'rs,
Yields up her naval boaſt to Albion's happier pow'rs!

And, lo! where Philip's mightier ſon
Bade the proud city's riſing walls proclaim
To diſtant times their founder's name,
Freſh trophies by Britannia's legions won;
When from the veteran bands of Gallia's ſhore,
Their dauntleſs arms the blood-ſtain'd banner tore,
Which, like a baleful meteor ſpread,
To fields of death the enfuriate warriors led;
Yet, 'mid the deeds of endleſs fame,
Shall not a tear the dying victor claim?
No! o'er his tomb, with guardian wings
Hovering, the eternal Pæan glory ſings?
Chaunting, with note triumphant, to the ſkies,
His name thro' ages lives who for his country dies.

Enough of war; while Britain ſees,
Before Hygeia's healing hand,
The pallid demon of diſeaſe
Lead far away her ſickly band;
While to a nation's fervent pray'r,
The arm Omnipotent to ſpare,
Gives her ador'd, her Patriot Lord,
Again to life, to health, reſtor'd,
To hail that day, to Britain dear,
Selected from the circling year,
Which fame ſhall ever mark the birth
Of regal duty and of private worth;

Strains

Strains that affection forms, that tranſport breathes,
The fragrant offerings join that June ambroſial wreathes!

The EXILE *of* ERIN.

THERE came to the beach a poor exile of Erin
The dew on his robe was heavy and chill,
For his country he ſigh'd when at twilight repairing,
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill;
But the day-ſtar attracted his eye's ſad devotion,
For it roſe on his own native iſle of the ocean,
Where once in the flow of his youthful emotion,
He ſung the bold anthem of *Erin go bragh!*

"O, ſad is my fate! (ſaid the heart-broken ſtranger)
"The wild deer and wolf to a cover can flee,
"But I have no refuge from famine and danger—
"A home and a country remain not to me;
"Ah! never again in the green ſunny bowers,
"Where my forefathers liv'd, ſhall I ſpend the ſweet hours,
"Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers—
"And ſtrike to the numbers of *Erin go bragh!*

"Erin, my country! tho' ſad and forſaken,
"In dreams I reviſit thy ſea-beaten ſhore;
"But alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
"And ſigh for the friends who can meet me no more.
"O cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
"In a manſion of peace, where no peril can chaſe me.
"Ah! ne'er again ſhall my brothers embrace me!
"They died to defend me, or live to deplore.

"Where is my cabin door, faſt by the wild wood?
"Siſters and ſire, did ye weep for its fall?
"Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood?
"And where is the boſom friend dearer than all?
"Ah! my ſad ſoul, long abandon'd by pleaſure,
"Why did it doat on a faſt fading treaſure?
"Tears like the rain may fall without meaſure,
"But rapture and beauty they cannot recall!

"But yet all its fond recollections ſuppreſſing,
"One dying wiſh my lone boſom ſhall draw;
"Erin, an exile, bequeaths thee his bleſſing,
"Land of my forefathers, *Erin go bragh!*
"Buried and cold when my heart ſtills her motion,
"Green be thy fields, ſweeteſt iſle of the ocean:
"And thy harp-ſtriking bards ſing aloud with devotion—
"*Erin ma voureen, Erin go bragh!*"

END OF THE THIRTY-SEVENTH VOLUME.

[Goadby, Lerpiniere, and Langdon, Printers, Sherborne.]

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TO THE

THIRTY-SEVENTH VOLUME

OF THE

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